The Doctor's Pilemma By Hesba Stretton

^

CHAPTER X .- (Continued.) Without a light I went up to my own room, where the moon that had shone ipon me in my last night's ride, was gleaming brightly through the window I intended to reflect and deliberate, but I was worn out. I flung myself down on

the bed, but could not have remained awake for a single moment. I fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till morning.

When I awake my poor mother was sitting beside me, looking very ill and sorrowful. She had slipped a pillow under my head, and thrown a shawl across me. I got up with a bewildered brain, and a general sense of calamity, which I could not clearly define.

"Captain Carey's man brought a letter from Julia just now," she said, taking it from her pocket; "he said there was no

Her eyelids were still red from weeping, and her voice faltered as if she might break out into sobs any moment. As soon as my mother was gone I

opened Julia's letter. It began:
"My Dear Martin—I know all now.
Johanna has told me. When you spoke to me so hurriedly and unexpectedly, this afternoon, I could not bear to hear another word. But now I am calm, and I can think it all over quite quietly.
"It is an infatuation, Martin. Johanna

says so as well as I, and she is never wrong. It is a sheer impossibility that you, in your sober senses, should love seen so little of her. Three times, since the week you were there in March! What

"I cannot give up the thought of our tune was concerned. home, just finished and so pretty. It "Yes," she said bitterly, when I had was so pleasant this afternoon, before finished, "robbed by the father and jiltyou came in with your dreadful thunder bolt. I was thinking what a good wife l be to you; and how, in my own house. I should never be tempted into those tiresome tempers you have seen in against that person in Sark.

"I think it right to tell you all this now, though it is not in my nature to make professions and demonstrations of my love. Think of me, of yourself, of your poor mother. You were never self-list, and you can do noble things. I do not say it would be noble to marry me; again, or to hold direct communication but it would be a poble thing to conquer but it would be a noble thing to conquer an ignoble love. How could Martin Do-to require from me." bree fall in love with an unknown adven-

"I shall remain in the house all day tofolly from which you have awakened, I come at all will be a sign to me that to hers. you wish it forgotten and blotted out be-

tween us, as if it had never been. With true, deep love for you, Martin, believe me still

"Your affectionate I pondered over Julia's letter as dressed. There was not a word of re-sentment in it. It was full of affectionate thought for us all. But what reaoning! I had not known Olivia so long as I had known her, therefore I could

There was no longer any hesitation in nd as to what I must do. Julia knew all now. I had told her distinctly of my love for Olivia, and she would not believe it. She appeared wishful to hold me to my engagement in spite of it; at any rate, so I interpreted her letter. I did not suppose that I should not live it down, this infatuation, as they chose call it. I might hunger and thirst, and be on the point of perishing; then my nature would turn to other nutriment, and assimilate it to its contracted and

stultified capacities. I went mechanically through the routine of my morning's work, and it was late in the afternoon before I could get away to ride to the Vale. My mothe knew where I was going, and gazed wistfully into my face, but without otherwise asking me any questions. At the last nt, as I touched Madam's bridle, I looked down at her standing on the door "Cheer up, mother!" I said, almost gaily, "it will all come right."

I found Julia standing by the fireplace, and leaning against it, as if she could not stand alone. When I went up to her and took her hand, she flung her arm around my neck, and clung to me, in a passion of tears. It was some minute pefore she could recover her self-com-

mand. I had never seen her abandon elf to such a paroxysm before. "Julia, my poor girl!" I said, "I did not think you would take it so much to heart

"I shall come all right directly," she sobbed, sitting down, and trembling from head to foot. "Johanna said you would come, but I was not sure.

"Yes, I am here," I answered, with a very dreary feeling about me.
"That is enough," said Julia; "you need not say a word more. Let us forget it, both of us. You will only give me mise never to see her or speak to

Olivia quite understands about my engagement to you," I said. "I told her at once that we were going to be marrie

and that I hoped she would find a friend 'A friend in me, Martin!" she exclaim-

ed, in a tone of indignant surprise; "you could not ask me to be that!" "Not now, I suppose," I replied; "the girl is as innocent and blameless as any girl living; but I dare say you would

Jezebel in the Channel Islands."

Jezebel in the Channel Islands." cent girl indeed! I only wish she had been killed when she fell from the cliff." know what you say. It is worse than only reparation in my power. I would useless to talk about her. I came to ask far rather die than recover." you to think no more of what passed between us yesterday."

"But you are going to persist in your infatuation," said Julia; "you can never deceive me. I know you too well. Oh, I see that you still think the same of her!"
"You know nothing about her," I re-

"And I shall take care I never do," she

interrupted spitefully.
"So it is of no use to go on quarreling about her," I continued. "I made up my mind before I came here that I must see as little as possible of her for the future. You must understand, Julia, she has never given me a particle of reason

"But you are still in love with her?
Martin," she continued, with flashing eyes, and a rising tone in her voice, which, like the first shrill moan of the wind, presaged a storm, "I will never marry you until you can say, on your word of honor, that you love that person no longer, and are ready to promise to hold no further communication with her. Oh! I know what my poor aunt has had

to endure, and I will not put up with it."
"Very well, Julia," I answered, controlling myself as well as I could, "I have only one more word to say on this subject. I love Olivia, and as far as I know myself, I shall love her as long as I live. I did not come here to give you any reason for supposing my mind is changed as to her. If you consent to be my wife, I will do my best to be most true, most faithful to you. But my modo not know. A Dobree could not make an adventuress his wife. Then you have

It was a miserable task for me; but is that compared to the years we have told her simply the painful discovery spent together? It is impossible that in had made. She sat listening with a dark your heart of hearts you should love her and sullen face, but betraying not a spark of resentment, so far as her loss of for-

> ed by the son." "I would give my life to cancel the wrong," I said.

"It is so easy to talk," she replied, with a deadly coldness of tone and manner, me sometimes. You could not know how much I love you, how my life is bound up in you, or you would have been proof has robbed you; but it is not true that I have jilted you. I did not know my own heart till a word from Captain

to require from me."
"No," she replied vehemently; "do you suppose I could become your wife while you maintain that you love another wommorrow, and if you can come to see me, an better than me? You must have a feeling that this has been a dream of very low opinion of me."

"Would you have me tell you a falsewill not ask you to own it. That you hood?" I rejoined, with vehemence equal

"You had better leave me," she said, "before we hate one another. I tell you I have been robbed by the father and which I could not help laughing, mad as jilted by the son. Good-bye, Martin."

"Good-bye, Julia," I replied; but I still lingered, hoping she would speak to me I was anxious to hear would do against my father. , She looked at me fully and angrily, and as I did not move, she swept out of the room, with a dignity which I had never seen in her before. I retreated towards the house door but could not make good my escape without encountering Johanna.

"Well, Martin?" she said. "It is all wrong," I answered, "Julia persists in it that I am jilting her.' "All the world will think you have be haved very badly," she said.

I rode home again, Sark lying in full view before me; and, in spite of the darkness of my prospects, I felt intensely glad to be free to win my Olivia Four days passed without any sign

from Julia. My father had gone off on a risit and my mother and I had the house to ourselves; and, in spite of her fret-tings, we enjoyed considerable pleasure during the temporary lull. There were lowever, sundry warnings out of doors which foretold tempest. glances and sharp inquiries from old friends, among whom some rumors of our separation were floating. There was sufficient to justify suspicion-my father's absence, Julia's prolonged sojourn with the Careys, and the postponemen of my voyage to England. I began to fancy that even the women flouted at me.

CHAPTER XI.

One morning we received word that my father was lying ill at a hotel in Jer-sey. Captain Carey at once went with me in response to the message. Julia, too, had been sent for, but she reached the hotel in a separate car.

The landlady received us with a por-tentous face. Dr. Collas had spoken very seriously indeed of his patient, and as for herself, she had not the smalles hope. I heard Julia sob, and saw her lift her handkerchief to her eyes behind her veil.

Captain Carey looked very much fright ened. He was a man of quick sympa-thies, and nervous about his own life into the bargain, so that any serious illness alarmed him. As for myself, I was in a miserable condition of mind.

We were not admitted into my father' room for half an hour, as he sent word he must get up his strength for the interview. Julia and myself alone were allowed to see him. He was propped up in bed with a number of pillows; with the room darkened by Venetian blinds, and a dim green twilight prevailing, which cast a sickly hue over his really pallid face. His abundant white hair fell lankly about his head, instead of being in crisp curls as usual. I was about to feel his pulse for him, but he

waved me off.
"No, my son," he said, "my recovery "Hush!" I cried, shuddering at the bare not to be desired. I feel that I have mention of Olivia's death; "you do not nothing now to do but to die. It is the

I had nothing to say to that; indeed, I had really no answer ready, so amazed wings of riches.

was I at the tone he had taken. But Julia began to sob again, and pressed past me, sinking down on the chair by his side and laying her hand upon one of

"Julia, my love," he continued feebly, "you know how I have wronged you; but you are a true Christian. You will for-give your uncle when he is dead and gone. I should like to be buried in

Neither did Julia answer, save by sobs. I stepped towards the window to draw up the blinds, but he stopped me, speaking in a much stronger voice than

"Leave them alone," he said. "I have no wish to see the light of day. A dishonored man does not care to show his

"I think you are alarming yourself needlessly," I answered. "You know

you are fidgety about your own health.
Let me prescribe for you. Surely I
know as much as Collas."
"No, no, let me die," he said plaintively; "then you can all be happy. I
have robbed my only brother's only child,
who was deer to me as my own daughwho was dear to me as my own daugh-ter. I cannot hold up my head after that. I should die gladly if you two were but reconciled to one another.'

By this time Julia's hand had reached his, and was resting in it fondly. I never knew a man gifted with such pow er over women and their susceptibilities as he had. My mother herself would appear to forget all her unhappiness, if e only smiled upon her.

"My poor, dear Julia!" he murmured;

"my poor, dear Julia: he murmured,
"my poor child!"
"Uncle," she said, checking her sobs
by a great effort, "if you imagine I should
tell any one—Johanna Carey even—what you have done, you wrong me. The name of Dobree is as dear to me as to Martin, and he was willing to marry a through all the motions of a furious woman he detested in order to shield it. fight. No, you are quite safe from disgrace as far as I am concerned."

"Heaven bless you, my own Julia!" he ejaculated fervently. "I knew your no-ble nature. But will you not be equally generous to Martin? Cannot you for give him as you do me?"

never marry a man who says he loves ome one else more than me.' "I should think not, my girl!" he said, in a soothing tone; "but Martin will very soon repent. He is a fool just now, but known you too long not to know your worth.

"Julia," I said, "I do know how good you are. You have always been gener-ons, and you are so now. I owe you as much gratitude as my father does, and anything I can do to prove it I am ready to do this day."
"Will you marry her before we leave

Jersey?" asked my father.

"Then, my love," he said, "you hear what Martin promises. All's well that ends well. Only make up your mind to put your proper pride away, and we shall all be as happy as we were before."
"Never!" she cried indignantly.

would not marry Martin here, hurriedly and furtively; no, not if you were dying

"But, Julia, if I were dving, and wished to see you united before my death!" he insinuated. A sudden light broke up-I was. Julia's pride was to be saved, and an immediate marriage between us effected, under cover of my father's dangerous illness. I did smile, in spite of my anger, and he caught it, and smiled back again. I think Julia became suspicious

"Martin." she said, sharpening her voice to address me, "do you think your father is in any danger?" "No. I do not." I answered, notwith-

standing his gestures and frowns.
"Then that is at an end," she said. " was almost foolish enough to think that I would yield. You don't know what this disappointment is to me. Everybody will be talking of it, and some of them will pity me, and the rest laugh at me. I am ashamed of going out of doors any where. Oh, it is too bad; I cannot bear

She was positively writhing with agitation, and tears, real tears I am sure. started into my father's eyes. "My poor little Julia!" he said; "my

But what can be done if you will not marry Martin?" "He ought to go away from Guernsey,' she sobbed. "I should feel better if was quite sure I should never see him, or hear of other people seeing him."
"I will go," I said. "Guernsey will be

too hot for me when all this is known." "And, uncle," she pursued, speaking to him, not me, "he ought to promise me to give up that girl. I cannot set him free to go and marry her-a stranger and adventuress. She will be his ruin. I think, for my sake, he ought to give her

"So he ought, and so he will, my love," answered my father. "When he thinks of all we owe to you, he will promise you that.'

I pondered over what our family owed to Julia for some minutes. It was truly a very great debt. Though I had brough her into perhaps the most painful posi-tion a woman could be placed in, she was generously sacrificing her just re-sentment and revenge against my father's dishonesty, in order to secure our name from blot.

On the other hand, I had no reason o suppose Olivia loved me, and I should no wrong. I felt that, whatever it might cost me, I must consent to Julia's stipulation. "It is the hardest thing you could ask

ne," I said, "but I will give her up. On one condition, however; for I must not leave her without friends. I shall tell Tardif if he ever needs help for Olivia must apply to me through my moth-

served my father. "How soon shall I leave Guernsey?" 1 asked.

"He cannot go until you are well again, incle," she answered. "I will stay here to nurse you, and Martin must take care of your patients. We will send him word a day or two before we return, and I should like him to be gone before we reach home.

(To be continued.)



Meamerizing a Rooster.

I knew a little boy who used to perform this trick very successfully. He face. I have seen no one since I left had a bright young rooster, of which he Guernsey, except Collas." had a bright young rooster, of which he often brought into the house.

He would hold the rooster on his lap, and with a piece of chalk draw lines from the tip of its bill to the back of its neck, pressing very lightly with the

At first the rooster would appear sleepy, and then would nod its head very drowsily, and finally to all appear-

ances go fast asleep. If put upon the floor the rooster would remain standing, but with its eyes fast closed. Then the little boy would bring a light near to the rooster's eyes, and it would stretch its neck and crow a great many times, as if the sun were just coming up, although its eyes were closed all the time.

Then this young mesmerist would lightly tap the rooster's bill and spurs with a lead pencil. The rooster would immediately ruffle his neck feathers, flap his wings, thrust his spurs and go

He would keep this up until stopped by being lifted from the floor and then set down again.

When the little boy would give the usual call which summoned the chick-ens to their meals the rooster would "Uncle," she cried, "I could never, try his best to pick holes in the floor, thinking he was making a fine meal of corn. If a few pieces of grass were brushed against his face and some buttons dropped upon his toes he would he will be wise again presently. He has scratch away at a great rate, as if doing his best to destroy a garden. Doesn't it seem surprising that a rooster should have such an imagination? The rooster was awakened by strok ing the feathers on the top of his head backward and then giving him a slight jolt and setting him upon his feet.

It is curious that the more he was mesmerized the easier it became and "Yes," I answered.

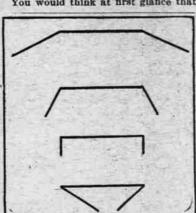
The word slipped from me almost unawares, yet I did not wish to retract it. She was behaving so nobly and generously towards us both that I was willing to do anything to make her happy.

"Then my love" he was her happy.

An Optical Illusion.

An Optical Illusion. Very decelving is the queer optical Illusion which comes from a scientist in one of the government departments at Washington, and which is herewith

"I reproduced. You would think at first glance that



VERY DECKIVING DIAGRAM.

the horizontal lines were not of the same length, but as a matter of fact they are. It is only another illustration of how short lines running at various angles lead the vision astray and make you think that what you are looking at is different from what it actually is

Boys Ought to Know. That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are essential to the part in the world of a gentleman or gentlewoman That roughness, blustering and even coolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

That muscular strength is not health. That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one. That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of

twenty. That the best capital for a boy is no money, but the love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his friends and to his God.

Ways of Telling Time.

From our Philippine possessions ha come an account of a primitive device for recording time which deserves place among the lost list of contrivances for that purpose, says the Youth's Companion. It is used by the natives during certain sports. They bore a hole in the bottom of a cocoanu shell and let it fill with water. At a certain point it suddenly drops to the oottom of the basin. This calls "time." Many were the plans for recording the flight of the hours before the coming of the clock. The most famous was the hour-glass, which was made of various sizes and capable of recording with tolerable accuracy almost any given interval of time, although selde

one greater than an hour. This system of keeping time was so long in use as to give rise to the solemn warning, "As the sands in the glass, so our life doth pass." Certainly this is more picturesque than it would be to say "Like the ticking of a Water-

bury watch." The burning of candles was anothe favorite device. Lines were drawn at different elevations for the fractional ons of the period which the candle recorded. There was also a very inge-

nious water clock, which is even now occasionally seen in museums. The un-dial, for marking true astronomical ime, was much in use in early days. It told nothing in cloudy weather and in our latitude would not be strictly accurate except on a few days in the Its accuracy at other times would be a varying quantity.

There is no surer test of an industrial civilization than the general desire to know the time of day. The late Henry Drummond told of carrying a watch to a great chief in the interior of Africa as a present, thinking it would be greatly prized. To the chief it was simply a mechanical toy. He cared nothing for knowing the time of day.

Must Have a New Cow.

A lady frequently sent her 5-year-old son to a neighbor's for milk. One day, wanting some sour milk, she gave him the pail and said: "Charlle, go over to Mrs. Smith's and get a pint of sour milk."

Charlie looked surprised, and said: Wby, mamma, has Mrs. Smith got a sour cow, too?"

Burned Like a Fire. Little Bessie had been burned several times and was warned to keep away from the stove. One day while in the garden she chanced to me stung by a bee and running to her mother exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I didn't know the bugs carried stoves with them!"

Minnie Would Pass Them On. "When are you going to have the measles?" asked a visitor of small Johnny, whose little sister had them. "Just as soon as Minnie gets through with them," was the logical reply.

Poor Billy Pony! The pony was shedding his coat, and when 4-year-old Helen noffced it, she ran into the house exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, come and look at Billie. He's all moth-eaten."

THE COUNTING MANIA. Men Who Keep Tabson Sidewalk Cracki

and Telegraph Poles. "I have fallen into the strangest hab it in the world," said a newspaper man who lives down below Canal street, in a part of the Old Quarter, "and I am often greatly embarrassed on account of attached to this ring, and then run the thing. The counting habit has be- through a staple in the wall directly in all. I want to count everything. I do taching a weight of some kind to the was walking home, and I must have will be no trouble caused by this rope been going at a pretty rapid pace, for getting in the way, for when the horse when I came to my senses—for, really, moves toward the manger the weight I had lapsed somewhat on account of a will carry the rope down. The weight certain mental violence—I was about should not be heavy enough to incon-

to burn up. "'Hello, old fellow,' said a friend of mine, as ne patted me on the back. 'By the way, what on earth are you walking

so rapidly for? he continued. "'Well, sir,' I said, 'I will be very frank with you about it. I am simply vest. Of course, it is well understood rushing along here like an idiot count- that it is impossible to keep apples ing these telegraph poles. I have been counting them for some time, and I al- of early spring unless they are kept in ways rush from one to the other, just cold storage, but with an ordinary storehouse, or a good cellar, it is posnext pole disappearing before I could sible to keep the

"My friend laughed heartily at my embarrassment.

" 'You are not the only man who does foolish things of this kind,' he said. 'I the barrels should be laid partially or just met Jones on Canal street, and he one side so that the fruit may be turned was walking very rapidly, with his into it from a small basket and roll to head down, and he wore the most seri- the bottom rather than fall. In this ous expression I ever saw on his face. way there is little chance of the apples Jones is usually jocund, you know, but he was evidently in a deep brown study be taken to see that the fruit is so pack- held on the other side, so that it is 4mand I do not mean to make any pun ed that there will be little or no space on names, either. I asked Jones what between the specimens, and they should the matter was and he replied that he was counting the cracks in the sidewalk.

"So I am not the only fellow who in- it should be carefully hooped, and the dulges the useless habit of counting head put in so that it will hold the top things. Really, it is very common. have heard of many men who would Apples packed in this way can be kept count the number of steps bome, or the number of cars they would pass, or other objects, just so they could indulge the habit of counting things. Sometimes it is a trifle annoying, but there is no harm in it. Sometimes it is unconscious work, and I find myself actually thinking vigorously about some serious business matter while keeping tab on the number of telegraph poles as I glide by them."-New Orleans

Purity of French Elections. Venality is wholly exceptional in the French election, whatever may be written to the contrary by the litterateur. who is accustomed to taking striking exceptions as type, says M. Charles Seignobos in the International Monthly. There are not in all France more than 20 electoral districts in which the election is carried by money. I could point them out one by one. They are in the environs of Paris, in the country places of the Pyrenees and of the Alps and in the Center. It is true that the conservative candidates often believe themselves obliged to incur large expense, but the electors, even when they profit by them, continue to vote accord ing to their opinions. Money holds very little place in the electoral life of

Unreasonab e "I really don't know what to do." said the vivacious woman. "It is very difficult to please the world."

France.

busband. "People are so unreasonable in their omments. If you tell all you hear they say you are a gossip, and if you don't, they say you are stupid and common place."-Washington Star.

Some men use all the material they have at hand in making fools of them selves.

All women are born equal, but so spoil it by getting married.

For Fastening Horses.

manger, by getting their feet over the rope which fastens them to the stall. Of course, this can be obviated by shortening the rope, but this is not ad- seriously interferes, everything is in favisable where the horse is locked up for the night after the feed is put in the box, for the short rope does not give him the opportunity of lying down in a comfortable position. The trouble indicated can be remedied by use of a halter ring fastened on the strap going over the nose of the horse instead of

under the jaw as usual. The rope is

come a perfect mania in my case. I front of the horse in the back of the would give anything if I could quit it manger, as shown in the cut. By atcount everything. One day recently I end of the rope to keep it taut, there venience the animal when he is lying down at the full length of the rope

> Care of Winter Apples.
>
> Apples marketed during the winter always bring a much higher price than when offered for sale just after harthrough the winter for the high prices longer by handling it properly. It should be carefully picked from the tree, and be free from imperfections or bruises. In putting it into the barrels, becoming bruised. Great care should of the guard, while the ear of corn is be packed into the barrel as firmly as possible without enough pressure bruise them. After the barrel is filled, layer firm, but not with much pressure. until midwinter easily if stored in a building where they will not freeze, and where the air is reasonably dry.-Indi-

> anapolis News. Simple Swinging Trough I have a feed trough which I made myself out of a piece of galvanized iron, writes a correspondent of Poultry Keeper. It is three and one-half feet long. To make it, get two pieces of It is hard to understand why those who wood and shape them to fit the inside raise fowls for market will persist in of the trough for the ends as shown in buying cheap foods. If the chick is the diagram. Nail well with lath nails. If you want one for water, make it shorter, and before putting the end the best grains in variety, and a good pieces on paint a piece of cloth and grass range, there is no reason why the place between the end pleces and the trough. Then after you have your end pleces on, get a plece of lath just long enough to fit between the ends and nall t lengthwise just above the level of the



SWINGING TROUGH.

trough. This will keep the chickens out of the water. Put two eyes on the top of the end pieces to hang it by. Drive stakes in the ground just far enough apart to let the trough swing. Put pins "What is the difficulty?" asked her in the top of the stakes to fit the eyes on the end pieces of the trough. The top of the trough should be about six inches above the ground. You can use of the extracts now on the market or by your judgment about painting it. If you do, put some water in it and let it thick brown extract is obtained. One stand about a day before allowing the pound of tobacco stems should yield chickens access to it.

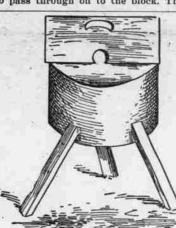
> Fall Planting. peaches, which must be planted in the plants may remain in this mixture for spring, there is to be said in favor of several minutes and need not be washfall planting, that the soil can be put ed off after being taken out.

in better condition at less expense of time and labor than in the spring. The planter generally has more time to devote to the work in the fall, and hence can do it much better. Then, too, the trees from the nursery are generally in better condition than after they have passed through a winter. The nurserymen also have fewer orders in the fall, and can give more care to filling orders at this season, and generally furnish better stock. Even with the more tender sorts it is possible to give them onstant trouble when they are at the needed protection during the first winter by throwing a furrow toward the trees on either side. Unless there is a large area to be planted and other work vor of fall planting.

Breaking Dry Ground.

In our haste to break fallow land for wheat we often break the fields when the dry weather has so hardened them that the plow throws the surface into a mass of clods, with little or no soil to act as a seed bed. While early breaking for wheat is very important, the greatly increased labor of breaking dry land and preparing it for planting should have considerable weight in determining whether or not the ground should be plowed when dry. broken ground consists of nothing but large clods, it is not fallow land. It will not hold moisture until the clods are mashed into fine soil. As a rule, the breaking of wheat ground should be delayed until it may be done when the turned soil mellows from the plow. It is very important to be ready to do such work when the proper conditions do prevail, for good rains may be followed by sufficient drought to make the ground work cloddy again.-Exchange.

Block for Cutting Corn. When it is necessary to cut the ears of corn into small pieces for economical feeding, unless one has a device for it, there is considerable danger of the person cutting the corn being injured. One plan is simply to attach a board to a chopping block, cutting a hole in one edge large enough for the ears of corn o pass through on to the block. This



BLOCK FOR CUTTING CORN. board should be about ten inches wide. By slipping the ear of corn through the hole, the chopping is done on one side possible for one in any way to injure the hand holding the corn. An opening In the board above the hole is made for

convenience in handling the block.

Flavor in Falf-Grown Chicks. There is considerable complaint every year on the part of consumers that the half-grown chicks marketed as roasters have a very undesirable flavor. There is no doubt that in nearly every case it is due to a poor quality of food given the growing chicks. Meals of various kinds, usually cornmeal, is fed largely to growing chicks in some sections. When bought at the low price it is generally found that it is filled with worms This sort of food given to chicks will taint the flesh every time. worth raising at all it is worth being fed on the best obtainable. If given flavor of the growing chick should not be all that is desired.-Exchange.

Prevention of Interfering. The interfering of horses can oftentimes be remedied, especially if the animal interferes in front. The feet should be trimmed so that they are level, and the animal should be shod with a small outside calkin at the beel outside. The inside heel should be plain and short. Have the calkins placed on each side of the shoe about two luches from the toe. Interfering sometimes comes from general debility of the horse, and when this seems to be the case the animal should be brought up in every way possible, feeding it on oats and bran with good hay. Of course the interfering which is brought about by general debility, is caused by the weakness of the ankles. This, however, is not often the

case. Tobacco Decoction. Tobacco decoction for use as an insecticide can be made by reducing some boiling cut or broken stems until a one gallon of extract in two hours' bolling. If it bolls down to less, add water With nearly all fruit trees, except to make up before using. Strawberry